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SERMON DXCVI.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR; OR, THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS, IN 1851, IN LONDON.*

"Blessed of the Lord be his land,
"For the precious things of Heaven,
"For the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath,
"And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun,
"And for the precious things put forth by the months,
"And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,
"And for the precious things of the lasting hills,
"And for the precious things of the earth, and the fulness thereof,
"And for the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush."—DEUT. xxxiii. 13-16.

I propose, on this occasion, my brethren, to trace out and read to you some lessons from late events, especially from the great historical act of the year—the *Crystal Palace in London, as the exponent of the state of the world up to 1851.*

Suggestion is one of the most active principles of the human mind. It ministers greatly to the pleasures of existence, and gives to men of enlarged intelligence the means of various and extensive gratifications. I trust, therefore, that some thoughts on the great event of the year will not be found inappropriate or uninteresting, nor fail to call forth your gratitude to the Creator for his manifold blessings. Associations retrospective and prospective, commercial, national, romantic, and religious, cluster around the Palace of Glass. The first of May last ushered in an event unparalleled in the history of the world, and long

* Delivered in the Church on Lafayette Square, New Orleans, Nov. 27, 1851.

will it be remembered, and for centuries to come it will inspire the pen of the advocate of commerce, and of peace. The day has passed away like other days, but the consequences still live.

It was an appropriate time for the opening of the great scene. Every people, from the cold North to the glowing South, has regarded May-day with peculiar interest. It was a festival in olden, as it has been in modern times, and it was the fittest day to inaugurate the triumph of Art. The bright flowers, and the light breeze, and the sweet perfumes; the splendors of earth and sky; the "power, the beauty, and the majesty" which were seen on sea and shore; the songs of the birds, the spring in the heavens and the spring in the heart—everything was in unison with the occasion. Winter would not have been appropriate, for the arts are not withered and dead; Autumn would not have been more so, for they are not declining or falling into the weakness of age; Summer would scarcely be suitable, as they have not yet attained the full development and ripeness of maturity; but Spring, sweet Spring, was the time to celebrate their beauties, for they, too, are in the era of bud and blossom. In the Spring we see the resurrection and the awakening; the dead things of earth arise and live; and it was the time for the multitudinous peoples of the earth to awake from dreams of selfish gain, and progress into a new and higher existence—the life of Art. Nature in this sweet season is like a musician performing some delightful prelude. "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, comes dancing from the East, and leads with her the flowery May." It was then a proper season for the nations to go a *Maying*. In treating this subject, I remark,

I. *The Great Exhibition was the net result of what man has done*; it was the complement of his progress in the industrial arts. The Crystal Palace, as it stood in its glory, was a palpable proof of man's progress in winning a world from the wilderness, and himself from ignorance and barbarism. It was not a mere statesman's trick, or a mercantile necessity; but the exponent of what the world, in a time of general peace, by the use of its awakened wits, and the employment of its skilful hands, could accomplish.

Time was when man stood in the great workshop of this earth, the Heaven appointed *lord* of all, and yet miserably poor; for as yet he had not discovered the character of the materials about him, nor invented instruments by which those materials could be appropriated. The useful arts were born of human capacity. They are the children of human want. And as they are a *birth*, so are they a *growth*. They are not like Adam, perfect in their creation, but, like all Adam's children, they have passed through infancy and childhood—varied stages of progress and conditions of life. Man's mission on earth is to subdue it. "The Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden to till the

ground from whence he was taken." Such is the human constitution both of body and mind, that among the very first sensibilities of our race there must have arisen occasions and causes for the useful arts. The nature of the world we inhabit, and of our social habits and religious capacities, calls for such supplies as the useful arts only can furnish. As it is possible for whole tribes of men to live on the estuary of a great river, witness the ebb and flow of the tide, employ the current for the transportation of merchandize, and use the water for quenching their thirst, and for the supply of their food, and yet never ask whence it comes, and whither it goes; so it may be that multitudes are engaged in industrial labor, and enjoying the fruits of human skill and toil, who have never inquired whence the varied arts of civilized life have arisen, nor whither they should send their aims and affections. The ineffable Creator who endowed man with genius and talents and taught him to get wealth, and gives him corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplies his silver and gold, is forgotten. Divine Providence is not more intimately connected with the creatures that work by instinct, as many seem to think, than with those that labor under the guidance of reason. The highest art is seen in the Supreme Architect's great works, the human constitution and the universe. Human arts are but imitations of the Divine, and if there be human arts to which nothing Divine is found to correspond, it is because man's ingenuity has become depraved, or because we do not as yet know all the patterns or models that are in the heavens. There are real sympathies and correspondences that are yet unknown. The links or means of the correspondence are not yet discovered. From the endowment of our creation, and from our circumstances, it is palpable that God intended man to invent, to discover, to apply, to manufacture, to produce, and to exchange products, until he has exhausted the resources of the planet in which the Creator has given him a temporary home. The fruits of the earth by man's toil, and his manufacture, and their exchange, are by the appointment of the Author of nature, and in conformity to his work. The earth, being diversified in soil and climate, produces in one country an abundance, while another is in want of the comforts of life. Rivers and seas, winds, steam, and electricity, are given to facilitate human intercourse, and man's wants, and his love of society, his desire of gain, and love of knowledge, urge him to the diligent use of all the means within his grasp to increase articles of consumption and luxury, and the result is arts and commerce. The arts, then, are not antagonistic to the Bible. On the contrary, religion teaches us to recognize God as present in the mill, in the waving harvest, in the factory, in the workshop, in the counting-house, and in the Great Exhibition. The principles of Christ's holy Gospel are applicable to the spheres, and to the toils of industry. No narrow limits were prescribed by the Creator to the abilities and exertions of man. THE WHOLE

UNIVERSE IS BUT A HAND PUT FORTH INTO SPACE, ALL OF WHOSE FINGERS POINT TO GOD; or, as the immortal Plato has expressed it—"The world is God's epistle to mankind." The progress of the arts resembles that of a river, whose waters arise and increase from a large confluence of streams.

The construction of the human hand is most admirably fitted for mechanic arts—from the wrist, which is its base, to the nails—complicated as is its mechanism, every part is adapted to ensure the utmost efficiency in its use; and so of the arm and bones of the shoulder, and the position of the hand in its relation to the body, legs and feet, and the obedience of the whole body to the mind, on the due exercise of which our elevation is instrumentally and entirely dependent. Inferior creatures possess astonishing powers of instinct. But that power is at once perfected. With them there have been no inventions, no discoveries, and consequently no Great Industrial Exhibition.

"The winged inhabitants of Paradise
Wove their first nests as curiously and well
As the wood-minstrels of our evil day."

The comb of the bee, the dwelling of the beaver, and the web of the spider, were as perfect in the days of Noah and Methuselah as in the days of Washington. The dog and the elephant in the days of Nimrod as sagacious as they are now. But man's destiny is progression, through a career of indefinite advancement. The motto of humanity's coat of arms is "onward, onward." Man has a hand to write and a mind to direct it, and his mind is moved and developed by circumstances, and the result is art and manufacture. The history of the arts, therefore, is the history of man's physical and intellectual progress. One art rises after another before our view, as the successive memorials of a triumphant course. No instinct, animal or superanimal, or even angelic, could have produced the Crystal Palace; it is the aggregate of many influences, rising in such developments as *educatable* mind, gradually increasing and unfolding powers of genius, only could produce. It was a victory of the highest order of intellectual effort over matter—the shrine of mind's loftiest aspirations. Expositions of art have taken place for the last fifty years in the French metropolis, and in the larger towns and cities of the Continent and of Great Britain. As early as 1723 an exhibition of National arts and manufactures was established in Ireland. The Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park is not then like its own Crystal Palace, the design of one mind and the work of a few weeks. On the contrary, it was like those cairns which are memorial mounds that every passer-by helps to build. Art-unions and trade sales, and fairs in the large cities of Europe awakened and prepared the public mind—sowed the seed and this is the harvest. The Great Industrial Exhibition is like the aloe, which, in the most favorable

circumstances, requires the culture of half a century to bring it to perfection. Never, unless in Milton's Eden, and certainly not there, was there ever seen such a gathering into one place of earth's products, as in the Hyde Park Bazaar. It was a city-like mart, an immense assemblage of shops beneath one crystal roof; such as Bagdad, Cairo, Damascus, Constantinople—nay, the globe itself never contained before. Embosoming in its midst a pleasure garden with great trees, and fresh flowers, and gushing fountains; more like the work of an Eastern magician than of veritable human hands. The Glass Palace, covering 18 acres of ground, consists of a transept and nave. The transept is 408 feet long, surrounded by a semi-cylindrical vault of 72 feet in diameter. The nave is 1,848 feet long, 64 feet high, and 72 feet wide. The total area of the ground floor is 772,784 square feet, and that of the galleries, which extend nearly a mile in length, is 217,100 square feet. The cubic contents of the building are 33 millions of feet. Thirty miles of gutters for carrying off the water, 200 miles of sash bars, upwards of 4,000 tons of iron, 896,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing 400 tons, were used in its erection. But no general description in words and figures can convey a just idea of its external magnificence or of its internal splendor. "Within its precincts," says a late reviewer, "are displayed the productions of a planet; its diamonds and its gems; its gold and its metals; its coal and its minerals; the ancient and the recent productions of its soil; the rich spoils of its animal and vegetable life. Around them stand in proud array the noblest efforts of human genius; the lifeless portraiture of forms divine; the brilliant fabrics, and the wondrous mechanisms which science and art have combined their powers to create."* Here were the precious things of Heaven; the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon, and the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills. The gigantic edifice and its innumerable and ever-changing pictures which from above and from below met the eye of the hundreds of thousands that wandered in astonishment through its crystal labyrinths—the splendor of its decorations—the magnitude, number, and variety and value of its contents, altogether made it the most wonderful exhibition ever put forth by the human race. I remark:

II. THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION will have a favorable influence on mankind in several ways.

1. This exposition of the industry of all nations exerts a most beneficial influence on the taste, knowledge, commerce, and

* North British Review. And here, once for all, the author wishes to say that he has availed himself of whatever suggestions he has found appropriate in the various publications about the World's Fair that have fallen into his hands.

physical welfare of mankind, *by encouraging the useful and ornamental arts.*

An insatiable love of gain characterizes all commercial ages, and the more so as the spirit of trade is successful in materializing itself. A commercial people may not bow down to images of carved wood, of gold and silver; and yet their god may be "the vice, the saw, and the hammer," their homage may be to things that are seen and temporal, which gratify the *lust of the eye and the pride of life*, and they that will be rich may fall into diverse temptations, which lead to many hurtful lusts, and drown men's souls in perdition. Still, true piety has "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It teaches us to look favorably upon the progress of the arts, useful and ornamental, and to be thankful for talent in invention and cleverness in contrivance, and to remember our Creator in all that improves, elevates, and adorns the condition of man in the present stage of his existence. The sight of so many productions of art must have exercised the judgment, inspired the admiration, and chastened and guided the sensibilities of the mind as to artistic beauty, and enlarged the acquaintance of mankind with modern inventions, and furnished subjects for thought, reflection, and improvement, which will stimulate to new discoveries and combinations which shall yet fill up the history of human achievements.

"As Spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skillful bee
May taste at will from their selected spoils,
To work her dulcet food;"

so the large collections of earth's choicest things exposed to the gaze and study of mankind cannot fail to be improved by them in their studios, and workshops, and mills. Here the sage and the artist of every clime, of every color, and of every faith, were engaged in studying the productions of each other's country, pondering over each other's labors, which they had essayed to do under the sun, and sharing each other's wisdom, and wiser grew on "the mission of the ages and the long result of time." For truly was this Palace of the arts a cosmopolitan gymnasium for the world, and a temple of Concord, in which a thousand hearts beat as one, and a thousand anthems issued from twice ten thousand tongues.

Lord Bacon's germinant idea has been realized. He thought it would be conducive to the advancement of human knowledge, if we had "a calendar resembling an inventory of the estate of man, of all inventions which are now extant, and out of which doth naturally result a note what things are yet impossible, or not yet invented." In the Palace of Glass we have the very thing—the huge household-book of the world's furniture, bound in glass. But it fails in one thing which Lord Bacon wanted. It does not show us what is *impossible*.

The advancement of the arts, industrial and luxurious, tends to the prosperity of mankind. The discoveries, which are the property of the wealthy only at first, descend slowly and imperfectly, but certainly, to the poorer classes of society, as the knowledge of the inventions and arts of mankind is more generally diffused, and applied to the comfort and elegancies of domestic life. It can no longer be with Christian nations, as it was with the most civilized nations of antiquity, that their masses should remain comparatively barbarous. The barriers of caste are broken down. The sum of the joys and sorrows of the million are now the ocean, that swells over the globe and gives it its character. Even those arts which seem remote from the poor man's fireside, effectually contribute to the perfection of manufactures, which either furnish him with employment, or adorn his rural habitation. The pursuits of immediate utility, in clearing the forest lands or in toiling at the mill, and of refined pleasure, however far separated from each other, under constitutional law and free trade, alike combine in exalting a nation's welfare. Mechanical skill, to use the words of Prince Albert, is now "wedded to high art." The multitudes of civilized nations have risen in education and social position, so that, what were luxuries some years ago, are now necessities; and thus the demand upon industrial ingenuity has greatly increased. And the pressure of the utilitarian tendencies of the times makes *inventive* thought flow rapidly into facts. And the inventor, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the artisan, are consequently rising in social estimation. The men of glory do not now belong exclusively to the army and navy. Watt and Fulton and their successors share largely the thoughts and the praise of the world. In the days of Asaph, a man was famous according as he had "lifted up axes upon the thick trees." Those were good and honest days. To be a gentleman then, it was not necessary never to have touched an implement of labor. The Great Exhibition has done much to correct an erroneous and morbid standard, and restore to us the proper idea of the nobility of labor. Its works of art and utility, valued at two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, were not the product of white kid opera-goers, club-loungers, indolent, aristocratic, pleasure-loving consumers of earth's good things. They were the noble incarnation of the power of the stalwart, healthy hands of the WORKERS of our race, who are as superior to the mere purse-proud drones, as the finest Sevres' porcelain is to the unbaked clay. In the Crystal Palace was seen the connection between science and art. It was the practical application of philosophy that gave birth to the manifold kinds of machines, which have at once abridged the toils and improved the products of human skill. Science has given beauty and adaptation to almost all the works of art. Phidias, it is true, succeeded Aristotle, and Michael Angelo came before Lord Bacon; yet Sci-

ence has ever proved herself the friend of those arts which minister immediately to the enjoyments of mankind. Nor can any sagacity anticipate, or fancy conceive, the yet future enlargement of human science, especially in its minute details, to be derived from the reflections of scholars, artistes, and philosophers, and especially of farmers and mechanics, who have been to the World's Fair, and have seen, and will conquer, in their studios and shops, by making the busy activities of useful art yet more ministrative to man's enjoyments and progress. If, in the language of the old Spectator, "The arts have heretofore been the servants of commerce," now commerce must be the servant of the arts, and both the arts and commerce become more than ever the servants of humanity. If the first efforts of industry were chiefly animal, successive exertions have taught them to become scientific. Arts give birth to Science; and Science, in her turn, like a dutiful child, ministers to Art. Many of the great inventions of our race are the works of operative laborers. And as the Great Exhibition is the result of a desire to stimulate industrial progress, to elevate the position and to increase the perfection of the useful arts, so its influence will also tend to embody the genius of the fine arts in the products of industrial labor. "Souls cannot, like bodies, be embalmed to withstand the influence of time." Ages are like successive spring seasons, involving the perpetual uprising of new life and fresh beauty. The human spirit cannot be kept in the prison bounds of past ages. "One mighty to save" stands by every sepulchre in which man is entombed, and says, with authority—"Loose him, and let him go." Events may retard human progress, but nothing can prevent it. Man does not yet know himself. He is capable of discoveries, inventions, and improvements, that are not yet dreamed of. The vast future is for him. *There is no conqueror but God.*

2. The World's Fair *has enlarged* the KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND, by enlarging the knowledge of one nation of another. The great gathering has, undoubtedly, made Europe better acquainted with America, and America with Europe. The visitors to the Great Exhibition have enlarged their knowledge of each other, of human nature, and of the world. Narrow and contracted modes of thought incident to a very circumscribed abode, or limited knowledge of men and things, have been expanded into more generous dimensions. A deep and luminous insight into scenes of nature, works of art, and ways of men, was afforded, which none but the most stupid could wholly neglect to improve. The Exposition is calculated to promote and increase the free interchange of raw material and manufactured commodities between all the nations of the earth, and thereby to advance their industrial skill, taste, knowledge, and science. The *producer*, to use Mr. Babbage's classification, the *consumer*, and the *middle man* were there brought together, and made to know each other, and

to feel in some degree their kindred, and their mutual dependence. And being thus brought into contact with one another, they have doubtless become better acquainted with each other's good qualities, and their jealousies, animosities, and prejudices are greatly modified. As there are many good people in the world that we do not love, simply because we do not know them, so there is much ingenuity, skill, and taste among other people and nations that we do not appreciate, because we are not acquainted with them. Every man is our brother, yet knowledge must precede our love for him. The first step to bring forth affection is acquaintance. The Congress of the Nations to show to each other their advance in the arts and sciences was one of the happiest methods that could have been devised for making them acquainted, and to make them feel that they "are one body, and members in particular." The triumph of the industrial arts will advance the cause of civilization more rapidly than its warmest advocates have ever dared to hope, and contribute to the permanent prosperity and strength of a country far more than the most splendid victories of successful war. "The influences thus engendered, the arts thus developed, will long continue to shed their beneficent effects over countries more extensive than those which the sceptre of England rules." It seems scarcely within the reach of the human mind to grasp the results accruing to mankind upon the triumph of the industrial arts over those of war. In this world assemblage, nature, art, and utility were seen to struggle for the victory; and as utility is the basis of man's existence, at least in our age, the department of useful art seems to have triumphed in the contest. Even a London journal is so irreverent as to call the Koh-i-Noor "a large piece of carbon;" and another says, most ungallantly, that, "for the pleasure of sight, we would not change a drinking glass resembling a blue convolvulus for the Koh-i-Noor itself." The huge compendium of human civilization recently exhibited in London could not have been but in an age of peace, and could not have taken place without the means of transit which distinguish our day. Without railroads and their appliances, the use of iron and glass in buildings could not have been in such a state of progress, and without them the heavy masses of goods and wares, and the immense multitudes of the world's denizens that have been up to London, on a visit to the tutelary saints of the human race, could not have been transported, and thus collected together.

3. The World's Fair is to be regarded as a solemn contract of peace amongst the nations of the earth. Its tendency is to establish universal international peace. It may be safely taken as a maxim, that such vast multitudes of the human race could not be brought together in peaceful rivalry, for one great common, peaceful purpose, and separate in peace, with mutual good will, if not with greatly increased mutual admiration, without its

tending to some desirable end. There is a bond of consanguinity which encompasses all the descendants of Adam. And this gathering together of the nations has shown them that *God has indeed made of one blood all the families of men*, though of many varying colors and faculties and tongues. There are sympathies in all human hearts, which are like the strings of a concert of harps attuned in harmony, incontestibly proving their unity. For "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." When nations have measured strength with one another on the battle field, how deadly were the passions evoked,

"Like warring winds, like flames from various points,
That mate each other's fury, there is nought
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
Can mate the wrath of man."

But when men are marshaled under their banners, lifted up towards heaven as the incense clouds of accepted peace offerings; when these bloody symbols of war, that have floated over them on so many fields of slaughter, and rallied them to battle, death, and glory, are the symbols of peace, "woven and lifted up by the hands of industry," hanging in unruffled unity—untorn by violence, unstained with blood—the emblems, indeed, of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life—then the kindly instincts of the human breast, amid the glories of nature and the beauties of art, must have been unfolded, and mutual good will have brightened and blessed the interview. Then the better feelings of an inner and higher life are awakened, and man reflects the divinity of his origin as a stream reflects the stars. "If in the material world the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction—if in the world of instinct, natures the most ferocious may be softened, and even tamed, when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect, in the world of reason and of faith, that men, severed by national and personal enmities, who have been toiling under the same impulse, and acting for the same end, who are standing in the porch of the same hall of judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men, thus temporarily united in heart and in purpose, will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or throw the hostile spear?" Their mutual acquaintance with each other, which the nations have gained by the interview of the World's Fair, must have a decided tendency to wear off their national asperities, and teach them to respect each other's rights. War after this will be more than ever fratricidal. Great Britain and America, who have met each other in days gone by on so many well-contested, but bloody fields, have now been communing together many months in sweetest concord—and in the animated

interchange of the courtesies and of refined life, they will most assuredly be more than ever unwilling to draw the sword against each other. And, as to the Continent, though the day dawning is exceedingly dark, still we will hope for the best. It was a custom among the Romans to split in two, and divide between themselves and foreign visitors who shared their hospitality, a small token called the *tessera hospitalis*, which was preserved from generation to generation in the two families who formed the friendly alliance. It became an heir-loom to remote descendants. So in the great gathering of the nations in the Industrial Mansion, the *tessera hospitalis* has been divided, and borne off to the East and to the West and to the North and to the South, over mountains and continents and oceans throughout the old and the new world, to be cherished through long years to come. Every article of art and of commerce bought or exchanged, and carried away from the Great Exhibition by the people of one nation from the stalls of another, connected as it is, and ever will be, with the associations of that Exhibition, becomes a Rahab scarf in the hands of the Knights of Jericho to prevent the destructions of war. The Exposition has made it apparent to all, that the different forms of industry mutually support each other; and, therefore, in a commercial, social, and political aspect, its influence will produce wide-spread and long-enduring benefits.

It is a monument of the peacefulness of the age. It proclaims the supremacy of law, the exaltation of that invisible and hallowed guardian of civil rights which sits upon the throne of the public mind. It indicates the improved condition of the people in education, intelligence, and taste, which is the result of agencies that have been doing their silent work through hundreds of past years, the chief of which is the Gospel of Christ. "These are the true victories, which cause no tears to flow," said his late Majesty, the King of the French, as he gazed on the trophies of French ingenuity and skill in the magnificent Place de la Concorde, in 1839. And Napoleon said of a similar exposition in Paris, even while flushed with his early victories—"Our manufactures are the arsenals which will supply us with the weapons most fatal to the British power."

Finally. Let us briefly consider a few of the lessons taught by the World's Fair. And—

First, The unspeakable advantages of international and domestic peace. Without the protection of law and the security of property and life, and the pursuits of agriculture, mechanics and commerce guaranteed by Treaties of Peace, no such exhibition could ever have taken place, nor could its costly and precious furniture have ever been made. While, therefore, the results of the Exhibition must tend to the civilization of the human race, it is at the same time a most impressive lesson on

the importance of cultivating the arts of peace, and the reciprocities of national brotherhood.

A second and higher lesson is, *The existence and beneficence of an Ineffable Creator*, the Father of mankind, whom all should adore and obey. We have seen that human art is but an imitation of the Creator's works. He reads to us from the flower, the cloud, the mountain, the skies and the ocean, lessons of the greatest importance. The universe is the handiwork of an All-wise and supremely benevolent God. The grand transparent Hall of Industry was not the result of a poet's dream, although Chaucer's poetic soul had "a dream which was not all a dream," of an island whose walls and gate were all of glass. It is, indeed, true, that every beautiful work of art was once a sort of dream—that is, it floated in the imagination before it was fixed and made visible by the hand. This picture or that splendid painting is Correggio or Ruben's dream transferred to canvas. The Apollo Belvidere—what is it but the sculptor's evening vision, carved in marble? Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a poet's high communings with the Invisible committed to paper. Glorious Karnak is an architect's thought some 3000 years ago, built up in stone and lotus-crowned colonnades. The Palace of glass is the thinking of an architect, consolidated most wonderfully into wood, iron and glass—rapid in its construction as the growth of the Victoria Regia—yet pervaded by unity of design and well compacted together. The parts were all prepared before they were brought together, like Solomon's Temple—great and complicated and varied machinery was employed—thousands of men were engaged in its erection, and the structure served as a scaffold for itself. And within its long aisles and galleries we have seen exhibited the productions of every art of every clime—works of strength and skill for necessity and convenience—for comfort and luxury—for ornament and display—things carved and moulded and woven—vast and minute, bold and elegant, simple and elaborate, running through all the conceivable departments and grades of inventive industry. Groups, heaps, masses of all manner of cunning work, covering nine miles of table room, yet classified and arranged according to the taste of the respective nations, from America to the distant "Ind." But this Repository of the peaceful spoils of all the earth is no fancy sketch—no mere poet's vision—no caprice of chance. It is the production of the human mind, whose constructive skill is singularly exhibited in the edifice itself—a clear-eyed intelligence that could survey, consider, contrive, adapt and fashion, and out of sand and ore and wood cause to rise up such a vast and magnificent pile—and then fill it with an almost infinite and diversified number of objects of art. If such a collection of earth's choice things could not be brought together without contrivance, much less could this universe of suns and stars and systems create and arrange itself in such wondrous

harmony. If this incarnation of order and method prove the existence of human thought; much more does human thought and the world, and all that is in it, prove the being, power, wisdom and goodness of an Ineffable Creator, who is self-existent and eternal, "in whom we live, and move and have our being." And remembering how man in art imitates the Creator—how completely dependent he is for success on Divine Providence—how appropriate—looking up through the uncurtained transept of the Crystal Palace to the heavens, from the works of man to the Infinite and Eternal Worker, God—are the lines of Milton:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works. Yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine."

A third lesson, and growing out of the preceding, is the *immortality of the human mind*. Among the numerous objects of art exhibited in London, were many that embodied man's "longing after immortality"—that spoke of his lifting himself up to a loftier sphere—that told of his wish to be surrounded with a halo more brilliant and enduring than can attach to material things. A deep, though dim consciousness of a higher existence prompted the artist to task his powers to conceive and execute what might approach to his idea of a brighter and higher bliss than earth affords. The spiritual is therefore seen struggling with the physical, and though often defeated, still struggling for the victory. And what is this but the essence of the soul asserting superior existence? This struggling through material forms, and rising out of them to communion with spiritual beings—this *longing after immortality*—this enriching of the soul with the spoils of time as its furniture for the great future, is nothing but the educating of the Divine offspring within us—the creation of God in his own image, and for the enjoyment of Himself where the spirits of just men are perfect. This glimpsing at things purer, nobler, and more enduring than the things of earth, is proof of man's higher and nobler nature. In the ambition of the artist to produce a work which his admirers vainly call immortal, we see a craving for some future existence. This is, however, a very limited view of the intellectual domain. The empire of the emotions, social affections, moral feelings, and religious capacities of the soul, are yet untouched. Nor is any account here taken of conscience, and of the capability of knowing and loving and serving the Creator; and yet even from this partial view of the subject, no slight conviction is derived of the immortality of the nature that possesses such attributes. It cannot be that there is no difference between the Crystal Palace and the minds that built and filled

it. It cannot be that the artist expires when his workmanship ceases. It cannot be that a being possessed of unbounded capacities for improvement, is destined to advance only a few steps in his proper career, and then be arrested in his course forever. It cannot be that a life of thought and feeling which contains the germs of higher thoughts and feelings, awaiting, as essential to their full development, other influences than those that are shed on earth, is to be succeeded by eternal unconsciousness and oblivion; and that a soul which finds in the present life a range too narrow for the full and vigorous scope of its nascent powers and feelings, is to be disappointed in its earnest longings and deep-seated hopes. The difficulties involved in such a supposition are even greater than the mysteries connected with immortality. To say that man perishes as the brute, is to charge the Creator with having begun a design, which He has thrown aside as useless—with having given a promise that is broken—as though the great Architect had constructed a portico to a magnificent temple, and then stopped short in his work, and breaking it down, scattered its beauty in the dust. It is true that absolute certainty of a future existence is attained only by believing the testimony of God, which is two fold, *internal consciousness, and his written Revelation*. It is by the Gospel of the blessed God that life and immortality are brought to light; still such a construction as the Palace of Glass with its contents, is a palpable, world-wide acknowledgment of the superiority of mind over matter, and that superiority indicates a greater destiny hereafter. Through its multitudinous corridors, Immortality rises upon the age of reason in the hazy distance, and in the Word of Eternal Truth, found within its precincts, Eternal Life is carefully revealed.

If the vast material Universe bears witness to the existence and character of the Great First Cause—if the invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, and if the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork, how much more does the soul of man, with all its powers and capacities, its intellect and genius, and above all, its moral and religious susceptibilities, bear testimony to the being and attributes of the Creator! The whole universe is an illuminated volume of God's thoughts, written out for the benefit of his intelligent creatures. The great or beautiful that is in man's imagination, and the curious, elegant and admirable work of his hands, fashioned according to the intellectual type within him, runs back to the infinite source of intelligence and to the ineffable origin of mind. Man has nothing—earth, though full of beauty and goodness, has nothing innate or self-created. All is derived from above. What then must that unrevealed fount of beauty and goodness be, of which all the choice thoughts and beautiful imaginings of the best and greatest men from the beginning are

but as drops to the ocean. What must that glory be that eye hath not seen, nor human heart conceived of? I would mention as—

A fourth and last lesson that seeing we are the creatures of an ineffable Creator who has formed us for happiness and immortality, we should as our first and highest duty *fear Him and keep all His commandments*. We should appreciate our blessings, social and political, and cultivate charity and gratitude. We are a spectacle. The principles of civil liberty, of religious freedom, and of a free government under well defined, clearly written constitutional laws, are entrusted to our keeping. Whatever may become of other nations in the coming struggle of Europe, Americans must be true to themselves and be equal to the occasion. No obscure part of the world's great drama is to be acted by us. Our banner is on the outer wall, and what we do must be done in the face of an eager world. We must be true to the great cloud of witnesses that encompass our path of duty.

The heroes and statesmen of our short but glorious past, by their wisdom, prudence, treasure and blood, have bequeathed to us the priceless patrimony of a healthful, vigorous, political constitution and free institutions. We must be true to coming ages—to the countless millions that are stretching their hands from the bosom of time and calling on us for help. And by being true to our fathers and to ourselves, and to the solemn interests entrusted to us, the Union shall be preserved inviolate—

"Till wrapt in flames the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

Our origin and history, our constitution and laws, though in their infancy, our army and navy, our growth, expansion, increase in numbers, and our wealth, present points of interest, forms of grandeur, specimens of activity and developments of powers, which are an astonishment to the other and older cultivated portions of our race—themes which they are studying as great theorems in the science of civilization;—while our brethren of distant regions, in Africa and Asia, and the islands "afar off upon the sea," still savages or half barbarous, as they gaze on the signs of our glory, or listen to the tale of what we are and where we are and what we do, are filled with a vacant and bewildering kind of wonder. The position Providence has assigned to us is one we cannot shrink from. It would be treason to the principles and hopes we represent to falter or fail in our duty. We must be the model nation for the world, of self-governed, *law-abiding*, honest citizens. And in order to this, eternal vigilance must be given to the cause of popular education—knowledge, secular and religious, must be universally diffused—the Gospel of Christ be everywhere preached—the Bible have

free course and be glorified in all the affairs and departments of life.

When Pythagoras demonstrated the geometrical proposition, that in a rectangular triangle the sum of the two lateral squares is equal to the square of the hypoteneuse, it is written, that he ordered a sacrifice of one hundred oxen. What offerings of gratitude, my fellow-citizens, have we made for all the many discoveries of modern times? What have been our thank-offerings for the printing-presses, the railways, the steam-ships, the telegraphs, the steam printed books, the free institutions—good gifts of our God to us? By the progress of human arts, the increase of substantial comforts and of medical knowledge, the average of human existence has been lengthened many years. Have we been careful to give to the Author and Sustainer of our being at least the one day in seven which he claims as his own? He has favored us with the means of swift transit. Are we extending the knowledge of Him,

"Far as the ocean waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread?"

"Truth makes *our* children free at home,
Oh! that *our* flag unfurl'd
May shine, where'er *our* children roam,
Truth's banner round the world."

It is the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush on Horeb's awful summit that has given us the *precious things of Heaven*, the *precious fruits brought forth by the moon and sun*, and the *chief things of the ancient mountains*, and the *precious things of the lasting hills*, the *precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof*. To Him be all the praise, forever and ever. Amen.

SERMON DXCVII.

BY REV. WILLIAM CLIFT,

STONINGTON, CT.

FOLLY OF AMASSING WEALTH FOR CHILDREN.

"Yea, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun; because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me.

"And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor wherein I have labored, and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity."—Eccl. ii. 18, 19.

THE doubt, which Solomon expresses in the text, is thought to be solved, and the men of modern times, with almost unvarying uniformity, leave the result of their labors to their natural heirs, not doubting their competence to use it wisely. Where the wisdom of Solomon could only see an even balance of probabilities, they see a certainty, and instead of hating their labor from any apprehension that the man who shall come after them will abuse his inheritance, they delight in it, as the one thing needful for him. If they can but place him above want, and make him realize a life of luxurious ease, they attain their highest aspirations. Toil and danger are sweetened by the prospect of the brilliant career that awaits the heirs of their fortune. And this is the result to which nearly all classes, both in the church and out of it, come, notwithstanding that the adverse teachings of nearly three thousand years have been added to the wisdom of Solomon.

This experience fixes the rule with rare exceptions, that inherited wealth tends to make a man a fool, whatever may be his native endowments. And yet, every man who hoards money for another generation, is confident that his own children shall be an exception, and labors industriously to leave them a fortune. The great ends of life and the noble uses of wealth are lost sight of, that he may repeat an experiment, which Providence has suffered to be repeated in all ages, and which will continue to be repeated, until men see the folly of their cravings for the generation that is to come after them, and labor wisely to better the condition of their own.

In nine cases out of ten, at least, after a man has met his own reasonable wants, and those of his family, he hands over his surplus wealth to his natural heirs. Instead of using it himself as a talent entrusted to him by his Maker, he throws off this responsibility, and bequeaths it to his children, to be used by them, not knowing whether they shall be wise men or fools. We are at a loss to determine whether this is the result of design, deliberately cherished through life, or whether surprised at death's approach, men thus dispose of their property, when they can hold it no longer. As the most lenient view of human nature, we are inclined to believe that it is one of the many ways in which procrastination cheats us of present usefulness and happiness. The money that comes only by the hard toil of the hands or the head—that has been accumulated by the aching limbs and the throbbing brain, we are slow to part with. If it

must go, we are anxious that it shall do the most good possible—and as the offered almoners of our bounty come and go, we hesitate, thinking that the best opportunity for charitable investment is not yet. Sudden disease or old age surprises us amid these wary deliberations, and as the best disposition of a vexed question, we bequeath our hoarded gains to our heirs, hoping they will be wiser.

Whatever be the cause of this hoarding, it is, in almost every respect, an evil. Nothing so much stands in the way of the right use of wealth; so fosters avarice in the parent, and vice in the child; so mars personal happiness and usefulness; so palsies the energies of our churches—as this toiling to save money for another generation. Both the Revelation and the Providence of God are at war with the practice.

Solomon is very clearly committed against it; for he had no pleasure in all his labors, for the thought that he should leave his wealth to the man who should come after him, not knowing whether he would be a wise man or a fool. His apprehensions in this respect were not groundless, for history teaches us that Rehoboam was one of the weakest and most foolish of Jewish kings. To this result, doubtless, his inherited wealth very largely contributed. With a fortune and a kingdom ready to his hands, with no great public work, like the temple, to enlist his energies, and puffed up with ancestral pride, what marvel that his folly and insolence lost him the ten tribes? The experiment of making fortunes for children from that day to this has rarely been attended with better success. Must there not be something radically wrong in a practice resulting, so generally, in disaster and ruin?

The text suggests the

FOLLY OF ACCUMULATING FORTUNES FOR CHILDREN.

And here I would premise that the *bare fact* of leaving property to children or other heirs is not declared an evil. Whether it be such or not will depend on circumstances. If a child were insane, idiotic, or in any way disabled, it would be palpably wrong in a parent, having the means, to make no provision for his wants. Doubtless, it is also right and proper to furnish a child with the means of prosecuting some business for a livelihood. A certain amount of capital is as necessary in most kinds of business, as tools are for the mechanic. The expediency, or the moral right even, of leaving children more than this, is questionable. At any rate, to leave them so much as shall put them beyond the necessity of self-exertion—"a fortune," as it is called—is wrong. It is an evil to children, to parents, to society.

I. It takes from children the *expectation and the purpose to succeed in life by their own efforts*. This is the general tendency of expectations of fortune. It is admitted that there are those who, either blessed with rare mental endowments, or a happy moral training, resist this tendency, and rise superior to the corrupting influences with which they are surrounded. But the exceeding rareness of such cases only sets the real tendency of expectations of wealth in a stronger light. The heir of fortune will naturally make his anticipated wealth the hope and reliance of his life. And difficult will it be to induce him to devote his attention and his energies to any useful occupation. The spur of *necessity* will be wanting. If under parental guidance he be put to some mechanical employment, to

trade, or to study, his feelings will seldom be enlisted in his occupation. He is assured that *his fortune is made*, and whether industrious or not, he is secure of the comforts and luxuries of life. What matters it to him, whether he masters the science of his business or not? He does not expect to live by it. In academic life, his studies are a painful drudgery. His greatest mental efforts consist in framing cunning devices, to cheat his teachers of respectable recitations. If parental pride covet professional reputation for the heir, and he be sent to the appropriate schools of training, he avails himself of the larger license accorded to his riper years in these institutions. He is more reckless of study, because he can be so without censure. He attends the ordinary routine of lectures, and possibly receives the customary diploma out of deference to his social standing, and is published to the world, on the catalogue, as a graduated master of divinity, medicine, or law. If he attempt professional practice, as he may, to save himself from the mortification of failure, he finds it altogether a different matter from professional study. The public have not the same pecuniary interest in submitting to a sham, that teachers and lecturers have. An enlightened community will not be likely to entrust its morals, health, or property, to the guardianship of men who have no proper qualifications for their professions. Wealth cannot command success in these callings. The heir usually makes but a professional blank, and feigned bronchitis or some other friendly disease early comes in to relieve him from duties, for which he has neither affection nor qualifications. He retires to elegant leisure, and ceases to be known except as the courted heir of fortune, the prodigal spendthrift, the bankrupt, or the drunkard. This is the ordinary history of the sons of affluence.

And the philosophy of such facts is almost as obvious as the facts themselves. Those strong incentives to exertion, which Providence designed should act upon every youth and help mould his character, are wanting. There has been a rude interference with God's plan of making virtuous and manly characters, and what wonder if the result be failure and disappointment? Full-grown men—men who leave their mark upon the community and the age in which they live—are only moulded under the expectation and the firm purpose to succeed in life by their own efforts.

II. The practice under consideration deprives children of the *education and discipline of self-reliance*. In regard to the great objects of life, they have neither faith nor works; they not only do not expect to succeed by their own efforts, but they are deficient in that practical training which commands success. The purpose of the parents to make them independent of labor, vitiates all their efforts at practical training, just as the expectations of the children vitiate their efforts at self-improvement. In either case, the thing aimed at is but half done. Parents may take the most correct views of the education and discipline their children need, and yet fail of attaining the ends they know to be so desirable. They may have correct theories about the vanity of wealth, and the reverses of fortune, and see that some other reliance is indispensable. They may dream of letters or trade for their sons, or of domestic service, good housewifery, teaching, or artistic skill for their daughters. Yet the time and patience to make them truly accomplished in any of these callings, will always be wanting. Much may be attempted in the way of mastering the vulgar minutiae of the occupations by which people get their bread, but little will ac-

tually be *done*. There will be a smattering of almost everything—a mastery of nothing. Great excellence in any of those callings by which men live, is not to be looked for among the heirs of fortune. The thought is ever present to the minds of the parents, that their children will not need these callings; and as a man thinketh, so is he in his parental training, as in every thing else. His expectations for his children will give character to the influence he exerts upon them. Men are not wont to make much provision for mere contingencies. Daughters, expected to shine in the parlor, will hardly become well versed in the mysteries of house-keeping, upon the remote possibility that these may hereafter be available. Sons that are only expected to spend fortunes, will rarely know much of the drudgery of business, or of that close application to it which ensures success. There is no substitute for necessity in the training of youth, and God never designed there should be. Nothing but the stern fact that a man *must* work in some reputable calling, will make him prepare to work. Put this before the mind of an intelligent youth, and it will operate like a charm which genius can never supply. It will give him a firmness of nerve, and a skill in execution, that will distance all amateur rivals.

III. The folly we are discussing educates children in the radical error, that they are not to *do service* in the world, but are *to be served*. This is the tendency of their expectations, and do what you may to remove it, the impression remains still. This error is radical wherever it exists, and will vitiate any character, however interesting or amiable by nature. It is at war with all the arrangements of God's providence, quite as much as with the provisions of his grace. In the natural world, every thing ministers to the welfare of the whole, from the meanest insect, to the largest animal—from the smallest atom, to the mightiest globe. To make children an exception to this universal law is not only to separate them from their kind, but to sever the ties which bind them to all of God's works. That bond of sympathy with their fellows, and with the external world, which is essential to the development of their characters, is broken. You can no more grow a plant without light and heat, than you can rear a symmetrical character without sympathy with humanity, and with nature. Let a child come up to maturity with the idea that he is to do no service, and fill no sphere of usefulness, and call him by what pleasing name you will, he is a monster of selfishness. In his view, all things exist for his service. A view that runs so athwart the arrangements of Providence, must necessarily render him miserable. God has made us to find our happiness, not in passive pleasures, but in ministering to others. Hence the highest luxury of the soul consists in deeds of self-forgetting benevolence. Kind words, kind acts to make others happy, kindle in our own hearts a glow of satisfaction which the selfish soul never knows. What wretchedness then, awaits the petted and effeminate nursling of affluence! Neither man nor nature will do his bidding, and minister at all times to his selfishness. But,

IV. Hoarding property for heirs brings evil to *parents*, as well as to children.

Scarce anything beside fastens upon them so strongly the chains of avarice. The man who determines to be the executor of his own estate, finds a safeguard against the encroachments of this vice of old

age. However prosperous he may be, he will always be disbursing and contriving to dispose of his accumulations. The large outlays, demanded by the support and education of a family, will naturally seek other channels when these ends are accomplished, and children are doing business for themselves. But where a father determines to make not only his own fortune, but the fortunes of his children also, there is nothing to withstand the sway of avarice. Were he planning only for his own wants, his present experience might furnish him with some definite limits to his accumulations. But where he is toiling to provide for others, he has no such standard. His ambition for his children's future display naturally grows with his accumulations. If he has the means of supporting them all in his own style of living, he covets for them something a little better. Marriage is among the contingencies that may introduce them into different, perhaps higher circles, where social standing can only be maintained by greater display, and increased expense. Avarice finds a congenial soil in a heart filled with such aspirations and plans for another generation. It steals upon its victim, under circumstances so plausible, as to prevent all alarm. It has the sanction of social usage—for where is the man that does not leave his estate to his children? It comes, too, under the guise of our strongest instincts, and confidently claims piety for its counsellor. He flatters himself, that it is but parental affection "providing for its own." Thus the deluded father hoards his accumulating treasures, blind to everything, but the pecuniary fortunes of his children.

The practice we are considering, not unfrequently mars the peace and happiness of the old age of affluence. In their eagerness for wealth, parents are prone to overlook other and more important provisions for their declining years; for large estates and ample means of enjoyment do not satisfy the cravings of the soul. Wealth will disappoint its votaries, just as they rely upon it. Passions inflamed by the long indulgence of a life of ease, are not the most comfortable companions to soothe the weariness and peevishness of age. But if wealth has not corrupted their own hearts, it may have practiced its deceptions upon the minds of their offspring. The prospects of fortune, for which they have educated their children, have not necessarily imbued their hearts with filial tenderness and respect. The selfishness that has been so carefully nursed in youth, is not likely, at maturity, to prove a ministering angel to the decrepitude and helplessness of age. Gratitude for estates in anticipation is not among the most common virtues of mankind. But if the rich escape personal perils, and so far make investments in the characters of their children, that they prove kind and affectionate, still they have no safeguard against unworthy alliances in life. Society has always been infested with fortune hunters, and always will be, so long as pecuniary fortunes are to be won by marriage; and of all the curses that track the pathway of the rich, these unquestionably are among the greatest. The true fortune-hunter has the keen scent of the blood-hound, and gold is the life blood he pants for. He has the subtilty of the serpent as well as his venom. He is well versed in the study of human nature, and can assume any character he pleases, to worm his way into the sympathies and homes of the rich. Without character himself, he can put on that of another man as easily as his garment. He can flatter delicately or grossly, according to the taste of his victim. He can suit his every whim and humor with the utmost exactness, until his purpose is accomplished. And the heart most

interested in his addresses has no alchemy by which she can detect his hypocrisy, no standard by which she can measure the baseness and villany for which she has given her affections. Little does the fond father know for what accomplished scoundrel he is laying up his treasures. The destiny of the possessions of the rich is one of the most instructive pages of history. Would it were often read and pondered by those most interested in its lessons. How often is the princely marriage portion of a daughter squandered in the lifetime of her father, by a dissipated and spendthrift husband! How often does the grave kindly hide him from alliances more bitter than death! The rich cannot shape the destiny of the treasures they leave to their loved ones. They are more likely to prove a curse than a blessing to their heirs, and to spread for their own old age a couch of thorns.

V. *Society* suffers from this evil, as in consequence of it, it is deprived, in a great measure, of the active services of the children of the rich. These have as good capacities as others, and generally much better opportunities for their improvement. They might fill stations of usefulness as well as others; and with the capital they have for business and benevolent enterprise, they might accomplish far more good. But what has the heir of fortune to do with business? He loathes it. His fortune is made. And what cares he for usefulness? The world was made for his use, and he acknowledges no reciprocity of service. If the anticipated estate work its legitimate result upon his mind, his services are lost to society, and he comes nearer "creation's blank," than any thing in the universe beside.

And not only are they lost to society, but they usually corrupt a large class of their associates. Youth who have no expectations of wealth by inheritance, easily imbibe the hearty contempt of labor, the pride, the swaggering air, and the vices of the sons of the rich. Their fortunes are not indeed made, but they expect to make them by other devices than industry. Some turn flatterers and parasites. Others set up as specimens of genius, and maintain a precarious existence by their wits. Whilst others still turn fortune-hunters, and with successful hypocrisy, revel in the wealth designed for another's support. Thus is a large amount of talent and usefulness destroyed by this evil.

VI. This evil prevents united effort among the rich *for the industrial welfare of the community in which they live*. The man who makes family aggrandizement the object of his highest ambition, has no thought to bestow on matters of public interest. He does not wish to be encumbered with any of those enterprises which helps his neighbor as well as himself. Possibly he might miss the main chance, and his sympathies be drawn from the ruling purpose of life. It is a matter of indifference to him, whether his capital be invested at the poles or the tropics, if it only yield him the largest profits. But the man who suspects the wisdom of making the fortune of the generation that comes after him, will at least have the time and the opportunity to do something for the fortunes of his own generation. He will make sure of the happiness, which comes from the encouragement of home industry. As he is to be the executor of his own estate, he will see to it that his capital makes the community in which he lives more wise and happy, more thriving and prosperous.

IN CONCLUSION.

1. Perhaps it may be asked, shall we then disinherit our children? By no means. But be it our aim to leave them an inheritance better than silver and gold. There are treasures of heart and intellect which the moth cannot corrupt nor the thief steal. Be it ours to give them a character more priceless than jewels—a character that shall command any object worthy of human effort. If we desire for them riches, it were a more intelligent way of realizing our wishes to give them characters which will enable them to make their own fortunes than to bequeath them large estates. Does not the history of such bequests prove their folly? Has not disaster accompanied them from Solomon's day, down? Does not every community furnish its examples of men, who have made shipwreck of fortune and character mainly because of their inheritance? What miracle shall God work to save our children from like ruin, if we repeat their folly? Why should they not be left to the pressure of those necessities which are common to the race, and have the privilege, which we have enjoyed, of making their own estates? Are not their capacities as good as ours, and is not the same kind Providence over them, which has smiled upon us? Why attempt then to forestal Providence, and do a work for our children which God designs they should do for themselves?

2. The subject is an interpreter of God's providence sometimes shown to good men. It seems a strange thing with our worldly views of property, that good men should be stripped of their earthly possessions, just at the time when they seemed to be most needed for the education of their children. Is not this ordered, because the struggles of poverty are what their children most need, to give them habits of self-reliance, and to make them most useful in the world? God is more merciful to their children than they would have had courage to be. He has taken away earthly pleasures, that they might have an inheritance in character, infinitely more valuable to themselves and to the world.

3. The subject lays bare the great difficulty in the way of prosecuting the benevolent enterprizes of the church. The Christians of this age are not so much making money for Jesus Christ, as for their children. And instead of using their property as a talent for the good of their own generation, they are handing it over to be improved or abused by that which is to succeed them. Does not God hold every man responsible for the use of his own talents? Men seem greatly to fear that God's providence will die with themselves, and no one care for their children. Their highest anxiety for them after their own departure appears to be, "what shall they eat, what shall they drink, and wherewithal shall they be clothed?" Were it not better to leave these questions touching children, for children to solve; not doubting that he who has supplied our wants by the ministration of our own hands will, in like manner, supply theirs.

Very able treatises have been written showing the need of systematic contribution in our charities, and hinting that this is the great want of the churches. We apprehend that the difficulty lies deeper, and that so long as Christians are making money for posterity, they will have comparatively little to give to Christ, whether they give by system or impulse. The great prize tract of the age should be one that shall thoroughly make manifest the folly of this usage, and cause the accumulations of Christians to flow in other channels. The corner-stone in the temple of avarice,

being thus torn from its base, the superstructure will inevitably fall, and the thousands and the millions that are now hoarded for the future ruin of the children of the church, will then go to bless a dying world—and the children will go with them. In consecrating property to God, our children will receive a new consecration, and the church, and the world will be blessed.

Fellow-disciple, have you made this consecration? For what ends are you accumulating property? Is it for family aggrandizement, or for the glory of Christ's kingdom? Take heed how you make the former your object in life, lest to you shall apply, with peculiar force, the language of Christ, "He that findeth his life, shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

SELF-DENIAL.

Self-denial is not, as many seem practically to regard it, an obsolete virtue; important in its day, but the day for it is gone by. It is the great error of the times, to abate from the wholesome strictness of the gospel. The tendency is to an easy style of religion; to smooth and widen the road to heaven—to consign over all the conflicts and endurance of piety, to men of a former period—of a rude and bloody day. This tendency cannot be too decisively checked, so seductive and fatal its working; so utterly false the grounds of it. Within, are hearts of treachery and sin; without, a world where God is not acknowledged, full of hostile agents and ensnaring temptations, prowled all over by the great enemy, the arch-deceiver, the devourer of souls by millions—almost by whole generations: in such a region, with such hearts, let the Christian expect the conflict, and be ready when it comes, and never shun the cross, but admit the necessity, and enter heaven by the true door—the authentic way.

The disciple will find it necessary to resort often to very prompt action, in the use of the potent phrase—Get behind me, Satan. That quaint and racy old divine, Thomas Fuller, tells us, that "finding a bad thought in his heart, he disputed in himself the cause thereof, whether it proceeded from the devil or his own corruption—examining it by those signs, divines in this case recommended—such as, whether the thought was at full age, at the first instant—or infant-like grew greater by degrees. But he soon concluded that this inquiry had more of curiosity than religion; resolving that afterward he would not derive the pedigree, but make the mitimus of such malefactors." We defraud ourselves by not acting in these great matters decisively, as well as rigorously. We put in jeopardy the soul, by ever putting off the vigilance and the discipline, and the crucifying of the flesh to which our Lord is summoning us. We save the soul, by denying ourselves, and taking up our cross, and following the Divine Master.
—Rev. George Shepard, D. D.